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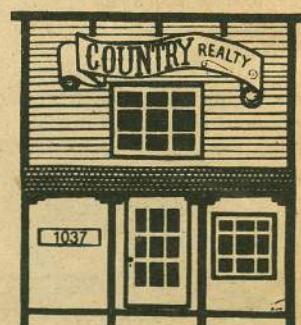
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THE LESBIAN TIDE

Tide Publications
1314 South Tremaine Avenue
Los Angeles, CA 90019
(213) 939-1200

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Cover Photo by *Hollywood Babylon*
Design by **Kathryn Louyse**

1940's movie star, Frances Farmer while
living with hobos before her capture and
subsequent lobotomy.

The Lesbian Tide is a feminist news
magazine published six times a year by
TIDE PUBLICATIONS. The staff is
open to women who wish to become
involved in journalism or who see media
as a vehicle for activism.

EDITORIAL POLICY

In the interest of fostering open communication, The Lesbian Tide prints a variety of views from the lesbian, feminist, and gay communities. Our editorial perspective also includes coverage of other social change issues as they relate to women and gays. The views expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of Tide Publications nor The Editorial Board unless bylined as such.

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Perspectives

Feeling as a Dark

By Claire Krulikowski & Jeanne Cordova

Sirani Avedis is an Armenian American lesbian musician who is not afraid to speak out politically. She first appeared on stage for lesbians five years ago in Washington, D.C., using the name Sally Piano. She has since returned to her given name and now lives in Chicago. Avedis is widely known in the Midwest and was one of the core organizers of the 5th Annual Michigan Women's Music Festival.

A recent trip to Los Angeles to work on the final production of her first album, *Tattoos* (just released), also produced the following interview. She speaks here emotionally and with candor about her life and perspective as a "dark woman".

"When musical culture becomes as important to us as it has in Amerika today then lesbian musicians do have a political responsibility, but to me that responsibility is to be true to yourself and no one else. I don't like it when musicians take on issues that don't belong to them, when they sing songs not because they need them for their pain, but because they want to make a point that is removed from them.

"For instance, white women have no business singing about race unless they do what they have never done: sing about what it's like to be white and oppressive, about how racist they feel and what it was like to grow up in an upper class white household with black servants. Or what it was like for me growing up ten miles outside of a Native American reservation. Let white women talk to each other about that. Dark women should not go to those concerts because it's oppressive to them.

Why doesn't this exist right now? I think it is not happening because white women are being racist. It's really heavy for women like me who are not black and who are not white. Our oppression isn't even acknowledged.

Collective Mediocrity

"White women suffer as women, but we have a whole other suffering and it's real painful to know that the lesbian movement is predominantly white. Everything like the whole idea of collectives, is white.

"I've talked about this with other dark women and other ethnic women. When we do work our natural tendency is to work with one other person or solitarily, and to do work very perfectionistically, to be work-a-holics, very intense, and very involved. White women, and this is *not* true of lower class, seem to think that something is not valid unless it's done by

or in a group. Like that what you do is not valid if it's just you and a friend or a lover.

"I know that it is impossible for me to even have five people that I like enough to work with. For one thing, for a non-white woman to work in a collective it would have to be a non-white collective or else she would be getting fucked over every step of the way. Every decision that was made and every meeting would have racism in it that she would have to cope with.

"I feel collectivity is this American Western concept of equality and mediocrity where nobody excels. It's really subtle, but it just strikes me as a really white way of approaching things. It's so American for people to just be namby pamby, boring and mediocre. I don't think this collective ideal would have even come up if there were more dark women than white in the lesbian movement. If dark women were the majority it would not even occur to us to work in these big-ass groups. Or maybe it would because we would be working with each other and we would want to work together! I don't know. The most arrogant part of this is that white women want us to join these groups of white women.

Surviving

"Plus, another dynamic which affects us is language. Because we came from cultures that didn't necessarily speak English we learned English out of survival. So you find a great many dark women who are very articulate, much more articulate than the average white woman. Put us all in a room together and you'll find that we talk the most, we have the most to say, and we're not afraid to say it because we have been raised that way.

"And then the racism comes out, because after we use all of these survival skills and excell in them and don't bump our heads on mediocrity and equality, and turn out to be the most verbal and articulate and the ones who had the most creative ideas and the ones who get the work done, then all the white women start bitching about how domineering, obnoxious, and pushy we all are. And when they are feeling those things, out of this comes their racist feelings, 'Well it figures... she's dark. You know how they are, they're evil'.

Culture

"I think the most outspoken women musicians just happen to be Armenian or Jewish or Middle-Eastern. And the most discrimination that has come out of our being the most outspoken is anti-Semitism. I don't mean anti-Jewish, I mean Semitic as in Middle Eastern.

Woman

"What we have in common are certain traditions that come from the Middle East. They give us all a willingness to be outspoken and most white people just don't have that quality.

"I try to bring out Middle Eastern culture in my music now. I play a Middle Eastern instrument, but I can't really talk about racism on stage because you can't just say to somebody, 'Well, I know you're not going to like this because you are racist.'

"People are now starting to accept black cultural music, and it's considered beautiful, and it's going to be treated differently. But I feel there is no market for Eastern culture. We get token, campy things once in awhile — Ravi Shankar becomes popular for a month.

"White people want me to be phony. They want me to get up on stage and be what they want me to be. 'Disguise your emotions.' Well, I'm not capable of doing that. But what happens is that we all kind of get up on stage and spread our legs to the world and make ourselves so vulnerable, and then we get scapegoated. People tend to try and define us and they use words like pushy, obnoxious, and I wish they would come right out with what they really mean which is pushy Jew, big nose, loud mouth.

Sex Repressed on Stage

"In lesbian music there is a pretty conspicuous lack of sex on stage. White women aren't very sexual on stage because they are really repressed. But once a white woman gets a little tintillating on stage it's okay because she's white, she is clean, it's wholesome, and it's okay. Dark women on the other hand can hardly contain ourselves from being sexy, because we are just not repressed in our body movements, and our body types are usually more full. And if we let that fly I can just hear the comments! I try to keep a pretty low profile and I try not to come on too strong and I fail miserably because I am strong.

"I like to make sexual jokes, I believe in it. I definitely repress it on stage and when I have made jokes on stage some women will laugh but some women will boo and hiss.

What's Wrong With 'Girls'?

"When I first became a feminist I stopped using the word 'girl' because I became aware of what men thought and how men react and use that word against us. The more I associated myself with women and the more I separated myself from men the less relevant that became. Step one is if men are called men you should be called a woman. And step two is



Sirani Avedis speaks on semantics, sexual jokes, racism in the feminist movement, and collective mediocrity.

who gives a flying fuck what men think! Step three is what's wrong with girls? Why is it negative to be called a name that means young, when to be young means to be beautiful, strong and good, and it's ageism that causes us to think that young is bad. If men are out of the picture then we're all just a bunch of cute girls. So you draw your terms based on your audience.

"The reason I brought that up is because sex jokes on stage are like using the word girl on stage. I've gotten into trouble because I have a song called 'My Girlfriend' and they all gasp, they say 'She's so radical, how could she use the word girl?' Well, she is my girlfriend, and I love her.

"I don't think that I have ever gotten up on stage and said that I was a separatist. And I very rarely if ever label myself that in private conversations. Yet I am well known as a separatist. Meg Christian, who has used that word to define herself at times has never been thought of as a separatist. I think the reason is that when white women do anything it's much more acceptable.

"I feel that the survival of every creature on this planet is dependent on lesbians, the male sex is responsible for what is wrong. I see everything as a bad balance of male to female energy, everything is symptomatic of that. I don't believe in technology or nuclear power. This will ultimately destroy us. The underlying theme of life as I see it is that life is the process not the point. Real good work is enjoyable, strenuous good work is fine, but when the process is something that is less than rewarding it's unnatural for life to be that unenjoyable. Like coal-mining or nine-to-five jobs. The rule I follow is — technology should only go as far as it is enjoyable to create it.

"I'm not a feminist. To me that means that you are fighting for equality with men, and the whole idea there is that we are all going to keep the world just as it is but somehow magically get rid of power-imbalances and poverty. This is just not true because it won't work. So for me feminism is not the issue. It's woman-identification, visionary mother-earthism. The idea is the female principle." ■

By Cindy Frazier

Frances Farmer was possibly one of the greatest talents in the history of motion pictures, frequently compared in her time to Garbo and Hepburn. A figure of intense beauty and stunning intelligence, she was catapulted to stardom by the age of 23, but her incredible stage and screen presence was only a small part of this intriguing woman. From the age of 13 she had caused consternation and controversy through her honest, intelligent (and radical) perceptions about God and, later, Communism.

"Straight To Hell"

When she wrote a prize-winning essay in the 7th grade entitled "God dies" it made headlines in her home town of Seattle, and she was preached against in pulpits nationwide for "leading school children straight to Hell."

As a student at the University of Washington, she attempted to pursue journalism but found herself barred as a woman from covering anything but the infirmary news, so she went into drama. Here she lit up the stage from the first moment she walked on, and her vocation was begun.

Always in the lead where politics and controversy met, she was selected in 1935 for the singular honor of going to Russia, all expenses paid by the Communist Party. Although Frances insisted that she wanted to go for the experience and to learn about the innovative Russian theater, she was seen as the representative of America's Communist youth.

Hollywood And Broadway

After the initial excitement of her early success in Hollywood, Frances found herself stifling in the ingenue roles she was required

to play both on and off stage. She did make one exceptionally fine film — of Edna Ferber's *Come and Get It*, in which she played the double role of world-wearied mother and innocent daughter. Though she was never able to duplicate this triumph, her popularity steadily grew, and she became one of the studio's biggest money-makers in a very short time.

Her contempt for the Hollywood movie machine increased, and by 1937 she abandoned Hollywood for New York's radical

periods of time, maintaining that she needed time alone. Despite her marriage to actor Leif Erickson, she was frequently suspected of being a lesbian.

While driving through Santa Monica in October, 1942, she was pulled over for speeding, and ended up being brought in on a drunk driving charge. In the 40's this was tantamount to losing one's career, particularly for a young starlet. An incident on a movie set where she slapped a woman hard enough to dislocate her jaw led to a humili-

Frances Farmer:



Hollywood Babylon

Labelled the "new Garbo," Frances is snapped up by Paramount for a 7 year contract.

Died for Our Sins

Group Theater — long a dream of hers — a move which angered practically everyone on the West Coast. The Group Theater had been floundering for some time, but Frances' money and theatrical brilliance not only saved it from failure but gave it the one outstanding success it ever had. The second triumph of her career was as the tough-talking Lorna Moon in Clifford Odets' *Golden Boy*.

Her honeymoon with the Group Theater ended badly too, partly because of general bickering, but also because, radical as they were, what Odets and his crowd really wanted was what Frances had given up — the glitter of Hollywood. After a brief love affair with the woman-hating Odets, Frances couldn't pull together another theatrical coup, and finally went back to Hollywood to take up the ingenue roles again and try to recoup her losses.

Amphetamines And Anger

Under greater pressure than ever as she tried to work her way back into the Hollywood scene, Frances began to drink more than usual, in addition to taking huge quantities of amphetamines to keep her weight down and her energy up. Press and public alike wondered about her "eccentric" habits. She would disappear without explanation for

aging police raid on her hotel room at night (Frances slept in the nude) and a subsequent brawl at the police station when she was denied use of the phone after sentencing. Worse than this, according to the newspapers, was the fact that she used language unfit to come from the mouth of a lady. (She listed her occupation on the police intake sheet as "cocksucker.")

After serving a night in jail she was brought before a certain Dr. Leonard, who had decided from the newspaper accounts that she was mentally ill. Under California law any psychiatrist could file a complaint in court against a person and be permitted to examine them and pronounce upon their sanity. He decided that Frances was a manic-depressive psychotic, and that she should be incarcerated for "treatment." Her parents agreed that she needed a "rest", but refused to take the further step of a legal commitment hearing.

Incarceration

The most shocking thing that came out of her sanity hearing — to the press and all other interested parties — was the fact that she had no money. Of the \$1 million (after taxes) that she had earned since 1936 nothing remained, even though she had made no investments or



major purchases (not even a new car). She had given it all away — to her family and to various political causes, including the migrant farm workers, Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War and the Group Theater. Her voluntary poverty — particularly as it was linked with radical politics — was looked upon by the authorities as worse than criminal. She was sent to the screen actors' sanitarium at La Crescenta, through the charity of the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

Her 3 month stay at La Crescenta was a nightmare of massive insulin shock, which upset and terrified her so much that the doctors increased the dosage. She managed to escape to her sister's house in Venice and called her mother, Lillian Farmer, to report the treatment and its effects. Her mother immediately came down to release her, which was possible only because she had not been declared legally insane. After putting up a \$500 bond she was released, although for the next year the doctors would try to extradite her back to California for more "treatment."

Frances returned with her mother to Seattle, determined to give up her acting career and return to her original ambition of writing. Unfortunately, Lillian Farmer believed that it was simply crazy (not to mention un-American) to give up a ready-made career as an enormously successful movie star. Failing to convince Frances of this, she arranged for her to be once again institutionalized — and Frances was dragged kicking, screaming and straitjacketed into Seattle's Harborview Hospital.



"I was attempting to live my own life."
Frances is arrested on a vagrancy charge in a small California town.

"Insanity"

Lillian Farmer filed an accusation of insanity against Frances, which set proceedings in motion putting the burden upon Frances to prove to an unfriendly court that she was not insane.

In hindsight, Frances' "escape" from the Los Angeles sanitarium to her home town of Seattle was tantamount to a Jew escaping a Russian pogrom and finding herself in Auschwitz. She was placed under the author-

ity of people who had nursed for years a hatred of her and everything she stood for. The psychiatric movement undoubtedly clouded the issues, making it seem that a "cure" would be found for Frances. The witch-hunts of the 50's were preceded, at least in Seattle, by the head-hunts of the 40's.

Frances was brought before the King County Sanity Commission on March 24, 1944. This commission was headed by Judge John A. Frater, whose power in conservative Seattle politics was as great as his out-spoken hatred for Frances Farmer. She was represented by a young lawyer whose only motion was to sign a waiver of her right to a trial by jury. Donald Nicholson, one of the leading psychiatrists of the time (a wealthy and influential man who worked for the FBI and hobnobbed with national political figures) asked her a few questions, to which she replied with sarcasm, anger and obscenities, offering the opinion that the examiners should be examined instead of her. According to Nicholson, she was obviously schizophrenic and duly declared insane. It now became possible for the city of Seattle to do with her as it pleased: she had no more civil rights left to be violated.

Reduced To "Jelly"

She was incarcerated for three months at Western State Hospital at Steilacoom, enduring electro as well as insulin shock, and a now-outlawed form of shock called hydrotherapy, in which she was stripped and put into a vat of freezing water for up to 8 hours. She maintained a reputation as totally uncooperative, and constantly demanded release. By the end of 3 months, however, she was reduced to "jelly" (her term) and made a complete turnabout, apologizing to the doctors and flattering the staff. "Cured," she was released to her mother's custody, and Nicholson crowed: "I think this case demonstrates just how successfully anti-social behavior can be modified. . . This marks a significant victory for the mental hygiene movement in Washington State."

Lillian Farmer must have been impressed, for Frances came back with a smile, and declared to the press that she would return to Hollywood forthwith. She had no real choice, for now her mother had legal control over her every move. Her only recourse was to bolt, which she did the day after her release, and thereafter repeatedly, until she was arrested on a vagrancy charge in a small California town. As reporters watched and snapped pictures, she was paraded about dressed in work shirt, jeans and a rope belt. Her intention had been to find work as a fruit picker, to deepen her understanding of migrant farm workers. She tried to explain that she was attempting to live her own life, that she had a desperate need to work. This was proof to authorities and reporters alike that she was really out of her mind.

Sent to an aunt's house in rural California, she lived there for a while, teaching swimming to children, and gradually recovering from the shock treatments. All seemed to be going well, and Frances again returned to Seattle, seeming pretty much herself. So

confident and relaxed was she, in fact, that she left with a friend on a trip to visit old friends without telling her mother. When she got back, Lillian Farmer had called the police and a Seattle newspaper, stating that Frances had never recovered and would have to be "hospitalized" again. Frances was taken immediately back to Steilacoom, where she remained for the next five years.

The Murder of Frances Farmer

The records say that Frances Farmer died in 1970 from cancer of the throat. But the real Frances Farmer died some 22 years earlier at Western State Hospital at Steilacoom. She was murdered by Dr. Walter Freeman, the man who perfected the pre-frontal lobotomy and brought it to the U.S. No one but Dr. Freeman was permitted in the room when an ice-pick-like instrument was hammered into her brain from underneath an eyelid.

Overnight an angry, completely uncooperative woman who refused to believe she was crazy was transformed into a meek, subservient patient who now prayed to God for forgiveness of her sins. The woman who had endured 5 years in an institution that was reported to resemble a Nazi concentration camp, who had been frequently electro and insulin shocked, dosed with experimental drugs, and regularly raped by soldiers from a nearby Army base, and had maintained her spirit and sense of self — suddenly this woman was willing to mop floors and run errands for the nurses. The change was so dramatic and complete, in fact, that she was almost immediately pronounced cured and sent home, a tribute to modern psychiatric medicine.

No Recovery

This time the cure was permanent. From photographs of Frances years after her release and descriptions of her — "burnt-out shell", "counterfeit" — we know that she was never the same. She lived for over 20 years the independent life she had been incarcerated for seeking — many of them in hiding, under false names. Even through a few years on television introducing evening movies and an attempted Hollywood comeback she never regained the presence and uniqueness that had once been her trademark. She became, at best, a bland, pretty woman with a trace of fear lingering in her eyes, who would not have been singled out had she not once been Frances Farmer. Even her memory has been erased from motion picture history, and you will not find her name embedded in cement on Hollywood Boulevard.

Frances Farmer's fate is seriously contemplated today as the practical solution to social problems by governmental leaders. Prisoners, lesbians and gay men, alcoholics, minorities and, of course, radicals may already be slated, like Frances, for surgical mind "cures." Because, of course, Frances Farmer died so that America would be made safe from people like us.

*Author's Note: All information on Frances Farmer was obtained from William Arnold's excellent biography, *Shadowland*.*

Egyptian Venus

By Cheri Lesh

"Mother named me Billie after Billie Holliday — she said she knew that I would sing...." She sings me a Billie Holliday song very soft in the bathroom, sitting beside me on the wrought-iron bench, one hand on my thigh. It's a love song, I catch that much of it, but I am too mesmerized by her Egyptian eyes to be really listening to the words. She keeps singing as other women walk in and out of the stalls behind us, not caring who stares at us in this straight powder room of a straight bar. When she finishes, she leans towards me and kisses me on the mouth, light and soft like her song. "Was that a torch song?" I ask. "That was more like a candle-light love song," she replies. She traces my mouth with her finger. "You have a mouth like Ginny. My first lady love, you remember I told you about her. She was Jewish." She starts in on another song. Yes, we are drunk. In the room the women come and go, talking about their gigolos. They are applying make-up steadfastly in the gilt mirrors and *not staring* at us very intently. I must be inventing this part, my eyes have never left her face. I can't see anyone else and I don't care.

She kisses me again after this song and I get a richer taste of Kahlua and cream. "You really have an incredible voice," I say. "You could be a professional. Really, have you ever thought about it?" Somehow my praise breaks the spell. She looks away from me and shakes her head. "Oh, you always compliment me, always flatter me...you shouldn't do that, I get a swelled head..." She stands up. "We better go back, or Stephen will *really* start to wonder...do you listen to Billie Holliday very much?" I feel she has said this to remind me how white I am, how ignorant of her culture. "No," I admit, "I've never liked the blues." We are threading our way through a maze of oaken tables, bright laughter and waiters. So drunk and disoriented, I wish I had thought to crumble a few breadsticks to mark our circuitous path to the bathroom. Finally Stephen appears, sitting alone, having ordered two additional beers to keep him company in our absence.

"I bet you think we got lost," says Billie. "No, I know you ladies have mysterious affinities for bathrooms," he says, smiling knowingly. "Yeah, well we did sort of get lost on the way back — hoo boy, am I drunk —" she takes a gulp of beer — "really drunk. I am always so wasted when I am around you, Charlotte, you know that? Did you worry about us? I was just singin' Charlotte some Billie Holliday songs in the bathroom because she never listens to any Billie Holliday songs..."

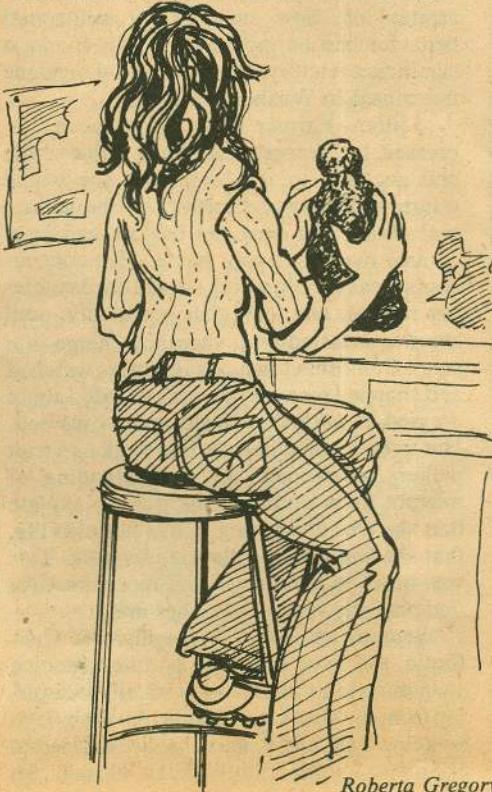
* * *

In the deserted back room of my pottery workshop, I am kneading handfuls of clay like stiff red dough. Out of the wet, malleable ball, distinct curves begin to rise. Buttocks swell solidly against my palms, stupendulous

breasts balance on the protruding belly. I patiently twirl spirals of corn rows around the head, indent a deep navel with the point of a pencil, balance her cross-legged on massive knees. I have trouble with the arms; they keep falling off and the clay is drying all too quickly. Finally they rest, curved bird-like over her breasts. I sigh with content and sit back to survey my work. One thing bothers me; her face. I had deliberately left it blank and mysterious as the Venus of Willendorf, which was her model. But the age-old mystery fails to satisfy. My pencil darts of its own accord, presses into the soft clay a pair of deep-set Egyptian eyes and the slightest wisp of a Mona Lisa smile.

* * *

Across a thousand years, the Egyptian eyes of Tutankhamun stare into my soul. I turn from the museum case, and across the bare space of a heartbeat, an identical pair of eyes pierce just as deep. Billie, her face baby soft as the Egyptian boy-king, laughs at my obvious reverence. She saunters over to the next case, her body swaying like fruit-heavy trees, her step rolling like grain in the wind. I press through the crowd to join her at the next display. She points to the figure of the boy-king riding a leopard. "Charlotte," she demands loudly, "as an art major, can you tell me how come this dude has breasts?" A ripple passes through the crowd; Billie loves to throw stones into calm pools. "Well," I reply, "there is a theory that Tutankhamun was a woman, the eldest daughter of Nefertiti, disguised as a boy so she could inherit the throne. She may have died in child-birth; two



Roberta Gregory

immummified infants were found in the same tomb. They just had an article on it in the *Tide*." "You mean the LESBIAN TIDE?" she sings out just as loudly. "YES." I reply, wondering if I will be the first woman to die of a terminal blush. She grins triumphantly and slides on, leaving a bevy of stunned senior citizens and girl scouts in her magnolia-scented wake.

Gazing at the vulture Goddess necklace, she leans back against me seductively. "I'm sorry, honey" she lies, "but I just love to see you blush. You really think old Tut was a woman?" Her warm scent has me off balance. "Could be," is all I can reply. "Well, whoever it was," she says carefully studying the buttons on my blouse, "sure had breasts that looked exactly like yours." And again she moves on, leaving me with my face the color of inlaid carnelian, and my heart singing with ancient dreams.

* * *

I dream of firing the clay with a midnight glaze swirled with green. I dream of the black statue on my altar, gleaming in candlelight, the green swirls disappearing and reappearing in waves like the incredible scent of her, dark with magnolia and feathery with ferns. I smile fondly at my Venus. A few more days to dry and she will be ready for the glaze. I gaze into her inscrutable eyes, and invoke an image of the tarot cards: The Empress.

* * *

The Empress is reversed. Crossed by the three and the nine of swords. In her immediate future, the Tower card erupts in a volcanic explosion. "I understand the Empress bein' upsidedown" Billie grimaces. "That's me, I been upside down ever since that man moved in. Charlotte, that man has turned me every which way but loose since he first got a hold on my heart. Every which way but loose," she repeats. "But what is this dead man stuck full of swords like a pincushion and this valentine heart stuck three times? Looks terrible!"

I try to remain neutral so that the psychic energies can flow through me. I feel anything but neutral, but my voice is steady. "The nine of swords is not really a bad card. It represents the death of an illusion. It takes a lot to kill this illusion, but it's an illusion that has to die. See how the dawn is coming up in the background." I gesture with my finger.

"And the three of swords?"

"Heartbreak."

"What about this Towering Inferno over here?" She taps the Tower card.

"That's the Tower. The Tower is a big change — major change, very sudden and explosive."

Billie is uncharacteristically silent as I finish the Tarot reading. Finally she shakes off her meditative gloom. "I been thinkin' about this," she says, more to herself than to me. "I been thinkin' about leaving St. James. St. James! That man is the direct opposite of a saint to me. Do you know what I just found out, Charlotte?" I shake my head. "Remember how I told you I guessed he had another woman on the side? He has two. All those nights he said he worked late. He has two." I

Continued on page 19

A Night at the Bar

By Harmony Rodriguez

Mickey sat with her face towards the door, her back towards the wall, and her money on the bar. The bar was alive with women's voices. She felt uneasy and crowded by the warmth of strangers' bodies.

Two years ago "The Dump" had been her center for good times. She'd known all the regulars, the bartenders, the softball team, even the spaced-out woman who danced by herself. "Meet you at 'The Big D'", she'd say excitedly in anticipation of the laughs, the beer-induced discussions.

The bar hadn't changed much. It was still decorated with monkey-faced coconuts and a torn Elvis poster. The women had changed, though. They were younger, softer looking. Some wore dresses and sported disco bags.

A couple sat holding hands in the corner. They defensively watched others watch them for signs of love or trouble. One of the women noticed Mickey studying them intently and put her arm protectively about her lover.

Mickey turned to check herself in the mirror. She looked good; her hair shone clean, her face was no longer blotched from tears cried in the locked bathroom. She'd taken special care to leave home in style. Her pride wouldn't have it any other way.

The bartender brought her a scotch on the rocks. Mickey grimaced at her first taste, then forced it down. She raised her glass to make a toast. "Here's to you Jane. You made a new woman out of me. Now I'm stuck with the changes."

Jane. The name had always struck Mickey wrong. She seldom used that name. Her nicknames for Jane were a joke between them: Ms. Right, Librarian-Lady, Hot Hands. Jane liked it when Mickey called her *querida*. "Puta! How'd you like it when I called you a whore?" She again sensed her impotence and felt her anger. Mickey glanced at her watch. The rest of the night would be fun, thoughtless fun.

She began tapping her fingers on the bar in time to the music and smiled at the sexy bartender.

A woman leaned over Mickey to order a drink, her breasts pressing against Mickey's back. "Excuse me", she said in a friendly tone. Mickey nodded, expressionless behind darkly tinted glasses.

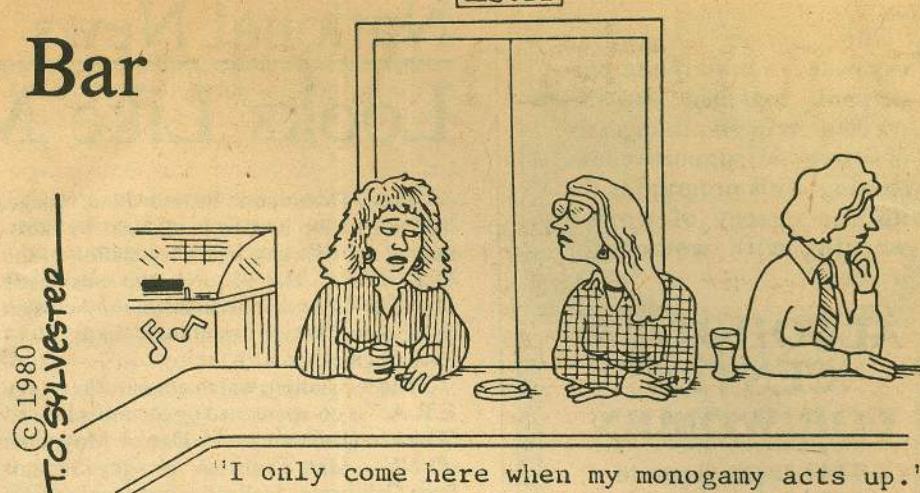
"My name is Marge." The woman brought her face close to Mickey's as she spoke.

Mickey turned away, then looked back at the woman. Slowly, she roused herself to say, "Mickey...my name's Mickey...The music...it's loud."

"You're right, it's loud." Marge raised her voice. "Let's dance."

"No, it's early yet." She pointed to the empty dance floor.

Mickey hesitated, appraising Marge's appeal. She motioned for Marge to sit on the bar stool next to her. With a calculated butch gesture Mickey pointed towards her money



and ordered another drink. The bartender gave her an encouraging wink.

Marge started the usual bar small talk. Mickey began relaxing into the meaningless conversation.

The bar noises grew even louder. It was ten o'clock. More women came filing through the entrance. Unable to talk and be heard, Marge turned her attention to the newcomers.

Mickey counted the wine glasses in the rack above her head. Four, five, six...she remembered to smile at Marge now and then. Ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen...the lyrics of an old Carly Simon song competed with the glasses for Mickey's thoughts — "Oh, how I wish, sometimes I wish, I knew none of those secrets of yours." Damn, damn her!!

"Marge, let's dance now." Touching her for the first time, Mickey led Marge to the dance floor. It was packed with couples doing their own versions of disco dances. The two women danced awkwardly, unable to avoid being jostled by the crowd. Shaking her head in frustration, Mickey stopped dancing and returned with Marge to the bar before the song had ended.

Each woman maintained a self-conscious silence while deciding what to do next. Mickey lit a cigarette.

Marge fanned the air. "You smoke too much."

"Tell me something new." Mickey didn't disguise the annoyance in her voice.

"Watch out you don't burn your finger. You know, what we need to do is get high. I have something really good to smoke in the car. We'll have some fun."

"No."

"What?"

"No, thank you. I want another drink. I didn't drink too much yet."

"Oh, ok." Marge began watching the dancers. After a few minutes she excused herself. "Listen, I see someone I haven't seen in years. I've got to say hello. It's been nice meeting you."

"Yeah, it's been nice." Mickey watched Marge push herself through the crowd to greet no one in particular.

The feel of a strong hand on her shoulder startled Mickey. A manifestly assertive looking dyke asked her to dance. Mickey declined, but offered to buy her a drink

instead. The woman wasn't interested. She wanted the D.J. to see her dance. She quickly asked another woman, and led her triumphantly to the floor. Mickey didn't regret her decision. She ordered another drink.

The D.J. began playing romantic, soft music at the request of those who had found, or returned to lovers in the late night heat. The bartender tried to start a casual conversation, but Mickey didn't respond to the professional banter. Her change of attitude disturbed the bartender who shot Mickey a perplexed look.

One of the waitresses sulked from table to table taking orders for last call. "It's been a bad night for us all," thought Mickey.

She wiped the wet glass smears in front of her with her accumulated bar napkins and tried to recall how many drinks she'd had, when the bartender brought her the last for the evening. Gulping it down, she crumpled the cigarette pack and began counting her money.

Jane's sudden appearance surprised Mickey. She'd sat down beside Mickey, who stared down at the bar. They sat in silence, anxious for several moments.

Jane, no longer able to bear the strain of Mickey's dark, impassive anger, put her hand on Mickey's.

"I didn't think it would upset you so much."

"That's a lie," Mickey pulled her hand away.

"Yeah, it is," Jane smiled slightly. "I thought we should talk about it."

"Where the hell have you been all night? Have you tired of your friend?" Mickey trembled.

"I'm sorry. I made a mistake. I love you. Please, Mickey look at me. I'm sorry." Jane began crying.

Mickey looked around the bar embarrassed. Softly she said, "Okay, okay, don't cry or I'll start crying too. We'll talk about it, honest. Let's go home."

"You know Mickey, it would do you good to cry." Jane leaned against her and smiled when Mickey didn't pull away.

"You know, Ms. Right, you're a bitch. A real bitch."

They nodded in agreement and left the bar together. ■

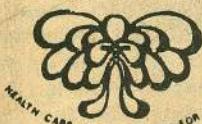
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National News Looks Like More of the Same

Mass. Democratic Senator Paul Tsongas has started the new year off right by introducing the first gay rights legislation in the U.S. Senate. The historic step was made Dec. 5 as Tsongas' bill called for the inclusion of the term "sexual orientation" in the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

The legislation, which amounts to a "gay E.R.A." is co-sponsored by Senators Lowell Weicker (R-Conn.) and Daniel Moynihan (D-NY). Alan Cranston, pro-gay Senator from California, declined to sponsor but says he will campaign actively for broader coalition support for this bill.

Tsongas plans to wait until after the November 1980 elections before scheduling hearings on his bill because he feels he will get more support then.

In the meantime the Gay Rights National Lobby, who has worked closely with Tsongas, urges all lesbians and gay men to help by documenting incidences of discrimination and sending such together with letters of support for S2081 to their senators.

Steve Endean, GRNL Director, says Tsongas' bill will not pass immediately. "It is a general legislative rule of thumb that controversial legislation often takes several congressional sessions before it has a chance of passage." During the year GRNL and the bill sponsors will conduct a gay rights awareness lobby in D.C.

Sacramento Rights March Set

On Sunday, January 13, and Monday, January 14, the Lesbian and Gay communities of California and their supporters are being asked to make a commitment of time, energy and money to march and lobby for Assemblyperson Art Agnos' employment rights bill for Lesbians and Gays. The passage of Assembly Bill 1 will bring an end to a major area of legal discrimination against Lesbians and Gays in California.

California's State Assembly Labor Committee will release the bill to the Ways and Means Committee for a key vote when the Assembly reconvenes this January. AB1 is considered the most important piece of legislation affecting gay men and lesbians in California.

Similar legislation has narrowly failed the House Ways and Means Committee in the past. Three amendments to AB1 significantly enhance its chance of passage. AB1 eliminates affirmative action as a tool of non-discrimination enforcement for sexual orientation cases. Also as amended, religious associations, corporations, schools and hospitals are exempt when they are non-profit institutions. The third amendment exempts from protection any teacher or parole officer who discusses his or her sexual orientation with their students except when such discussions are work related.

Significantly, in the California Senate, David Roberti's companion bill failed to pass

its initial committee. That legislation must be introduced and passed to effect any change in the State statutes.

Texas Teacher Sues For Rights

A gay teacher has filed suit in Federal District Court challenging the Texas law on homosexuality, in part to demonstrate to young people the effectiveness of the American judicial system, the *New York Times* reported.

The suit, filed by Donald F. Baker, seeks no damages but requests that a section of the state penal code be ruled unconstitutional. He asserts that the law singles out homosexuals for prosecution without enhancing the moral climate in the community.

"I pursued this because I am a teacher and we teach children to have faith and confidence in the American system," Baker said. "We teach that people who are unjustly treated can seek redress through the system."

Lobby Day Yields Sponsors

Five hundred people participating in the first National Lesbian Gay Constituent Lobby Day on the Monday after the March on Washington, netted two additional co-sponsors for the gay rights legislation in both houses.

Among the new co-sponsors resulting from the day are Representative Leon Panetta (D-California) and Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D-New York). Moynihan's co-sponsorship is considered extremely important because he is one of the leading spokespersons of the more conservative wing of the Democratic Party.

That's the end of the good news . . .

Right Wing Moves Too

Anti-gay activists moved quietly in September to introduce an ominous piece of legislation called the Family Protection Act. Sponsored by Sen. Paul Laxalt (R-NV) the 38 section massive bill would: forbid use of any federal funds for groups which present homosexuality as acceptable, prohibit use of federal legal service funds for lawsuits involving gays, and ensure that anti-gay employment discrimination remained legal. In short the Laxalt bill contradicts Tsongas' bill entirely. This anti-gay legislation was inspired by the fundamentalist TV evangelist Rev. Jerry Falwell, who has taken up the bigot banner in Bryant's apparent retirement. While the bill itself has little chance of passage GRNL warns that parts of it may be offered in the spring of 1980 as amendments to other bills. GRNL notes hundreds of letters are being received from Falwell's national mail campaign organization, and lack of letters from gays could strengthen Laxalt's chances.

Meanwhile in Massachusetts, Sen. Philip Shea, long time foe of the gay movement, has introduced two anti-gay bills. One calls for "an investigation and study relative to the

effects of homosexuality as it pertains to the quality of life in the Commonwealth...," the other calls for the printing of a non-binding question as to an applicant's sexual orientation on all employment application forms.

Lastly, gays of the Northern California city of Davis had only one week to enjoy their city's gay rights ordinance (passed Nov. 25). Under threat of a referendum at election time, the scared off City Council reversed itself and rescinded their new law.

SANTA CLARA PREPARES

In preparation for a June 1980 anti-gay

referendum ballot, the gay community of Santa Clara County, California has joined with women's groups, labor and church organizations and formed the Santa Clara Coalition for Human Rights. The group has reactivated their community's No On 6 organizational backbone and homes with help from the national community to put down the summer assault on gay rights.

In summary, it looks like 1980 is going to look a lot like 1979. Win a few, lose a few. Gratefully, we are still winning a few more than we are losing! ■

Election 80

Brown Out Front

By Jeanne Cordova

California's Gov. Jerry Brown, the first major political figure in U.S. history to court the gay vote, has taken his campaign to the national community. And with great financial success. After garnering \$30,000 (see last issue) in one L.A. bash, he picked up another \$20,000 at a December San Francisco reception held at the Twin Peaks home of attorney Jerome Berg.

In between these occasions he appeared Nov. 27 at "Gay Vote U.S.A.", a gala affair in Washington, D.C. where major news media made much of the fact that he had so far received some \$80,000 lesbian and gay dollars. Brown will have taken in \$250,000 from gays by the time of the New Hampshire primary, projects gay activist David Mixner, one of Brown's chief political consultants.

The D.C. affair was sponsored by the National Convention Project, a gay organized effort to impact the 1980 Democratic and Republican Conventions.

Jerry Brown's strong gay platform, which includes support for gay rights legislation, executive action to end discrimination against gays, and the inclusion of a gay plank in the Democratic Party's platform, drew prolonged applause from an audience of 600 gays.

Kennedy Vague . . .

Senator Kennedy sent a two page letter, which although vague, was heralded by event organizers as "a far stronger statement than Kennedy has ever made." In his letter Kennedy said he was "concerned" about anti-gay discrimination in employment, housing, and immigration. He made no mention of supporting specific legislation now in Congress.

Carter Bombs . . .

President Carter sent low level junior deputy White House assistant Michael Chanin, who received a low level welcome. After several boos, Chanin said he had come to talk about what President Carter has done for gays. "Nothing!" the crowd chanted. Chanin appeared conciliatory replying, "We have a long way to go", but attendees called out, "What happened to Midge?" "What happened to Bella?" The references were made to Midge Costanza and Bella Abzug, two pro-gay women in his administration that



D.C. activist Mary Spottswood Pou, co-director of the National Convention Project, terms it a "real turning point . . ."

Carter fired.

Elsewhere things went even worse for Carter as the Executive Board of the National Organization for Women (NOW) officially went on record opposing the nomination or re-election of the President. NOW faulted Carter for lukewarm support for the ERA and noted abortion rights had been restricted during his administration.

Although all Republican candidates were also invited to attend the D.C. affair, none did.

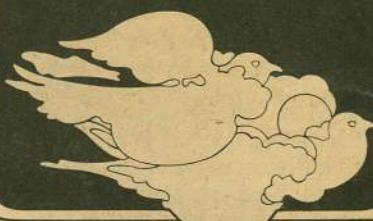
D.C. Lesbian activist Mary Spottswood Pou, co-director of the National Convention Project, noted the event was "A real turning point in the history of American politics insofar as bringing lesbians and gay men into the mainstream."

Publicity for Dollars?

Speaking of gay fund raising clout the *Washington Star* reported, "Their demonstrated ability to raise money for their office seeking friends speaks the language all politicians understand."

Major media followed Gov. Brown to the D.C. event and aired coverage on all major networks that night. So it would seem that the gay community may be giving dollars but in the language of politics, it has amounted to paid advertising. ■

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Shortcurrents

ANOTHER STEP FOR PARTHENOGENESIS

Pierre Soupart of Vanderbilt University has reported a successful first step in mammalian parthenogenesis, the process of egg development without sperm in mammals. Parthenogenesis occurs in reptiles, fish and birds, but has never been successful in mammals. Soupart, combining two unfertilized mouse eggs by a standard cell fusion technique, achieved a cell with the same chromosome count as a sperm fertilized egg but without other sperm factors.

Soupart's experiments were conducted to learn more about the role of sperm but suggest that sperm may contribute nothing special to early embryonic development beyond chromosomes and a membrane penetration. The next stage of Soupart's experiment will transfer embryos to mouse foster mothers to determine whether normal development will continue.

GAY JOURNALIST FOUND DEAD

David Brill, an investigative reporter and Political Analyst for Gay Community News was found dead Nov. 15, 1979 in his parents' home. The Suffolk County Medical Examiner ruled the death a suicide by cyanide poisoning. Brill's co-workers at the Boston based gay newspaper doubt the ruling as Brill was working on several sensitive stories at the time of his death. They have launched their own investigation. In his years of writing for GCN, Brill was among the first to explain to the gay community how city and state agencies worked. He opened up lines of communication between police officials and the community in Boston and was instrumental in defending three gay youths beaten by Boston police officers in 1977. According to GCN, Brill's interest touched, "every aspect of life in gay subculture — from the mighty to the miserable, from the stylish to the sleazy."

LESBIANS APPOINTED

Los Angeles lesbian activists Diane Abbott and Ivy Bottini have been appointed to two California state commissions. Abbott, an attorney, was named by House Speaker Leo McCarthy to the Coastal Commission. Bottini was named by Gov. Brown to the Commission on Ageing.

Abbott, who sees herself an environmentalist, purposely sought the appointment and says she would like to "help protect the coastal environment, and at the same time not strip landowners of their rights." She believes the two are compatible goals and would also like to see the 1976 Coastal Act uniformly applied to large as well as small landowners.

Abbott confirmed that her political background as gay and feminist activist helped her obtain the appointment, and "will help me understand the political nature of working on the commission."

Bottini, a Los Angeles real estate agent, has spoken about lesbian and gay elderly on numerous panels. She believes gays "have a lot to offer the non-gay world when it comes to survival." Bottini is 55. ■

VANCE NIXES GAY VISITORS

After six months of tumult regarding U.S. policy on gay immigrants, the saga turned sour in October as Secretary of State Vance said visas should be denied to all applicants thought to be gay.

In a telegram Vance told consular officials that sexual deviates are to be excluded and that "sexual deviation clearly and unequivocally contemplates the inclusion of homosexuals." Vance said officials can exclude without proof simply on the basis of "evidence" such as "t-shirt... and political buttons with gay slogans." NGTF immediately requested and received permission to meet with top Carter administration aides regarding this regression.



Feinstein in with the gay vote.

FEINSTEIN IN WITH GAY SUPPORT BRITT PRESIDENT?

San Francisco Mayor Diane Feinstein and District 5 gay Supervisor Harry Britt were the only two incumbents to hang onto their seats in that city's December elections. Feinstein, who was in a run off with Quentin Kopp, beat her opponent with 54% of the vote. Gay primary contender David Scott endorsed Feinstein and his support is believed to have swung the gay vote margin the Mayor needed.

Even *Time Magazine* credits Feinstein's win to gays: "Full 70% of the gay vote appears to have gone to Feinstein, making the election the first in a major American city to be swung by homosexuals." Gay voters, particularly lesbians, paid little heed to the major gay papers (*Sentinel* and *Bay Area Reporter*) which endorsed Quentin Kopp.

Harry Britt, successor to Harvey Milk, soundly defeated Terrance Hallinan and successfully retained San Francisco's District 5 "gay seat."

Proving the power of the gay block, Britt was the only Supervisor to retain his seat, and he did so despite the fact that both the *SF Chronicle* and *Examiner* endorsed Hallinan.

As the Supervisor who polled the largest number of votes, it is expected Britt will become the President of the Board of Supervisors. Kay Pachtner, who unsuccessfully challenged Britt in the primaries and was supported by several lesbian and feminist groups, did not endorse either Britt nor Hallinan. Britt however picked up most of her votes.

KIDS GET HOMES WITH GAYS

The New Jersey Department of Human Services says it has placed "five to ten" male and female gay teenagers with behavioral problems in foster homes headed by lesbians during the last four years.

A spokesperson for the department said the program had started almost by accident but had continued when officials became aware that they were dealing with increasing numbers of gay teenagers.

The teenagers had been placed under the supervision of lesbian foster mothers only after agreements were made with the natural parents and only when the children understood the situation.

Anne Burns, department spokesperson, said the placements seemed to have worked out well but added that no formal study had been made and "we lose track of foster children at age 18."

Other cities, such as Seattle, routinely places gay teenagers in gay homes.

CONFERENCE OVERLOOKS GAYS

The White House Conference on Families has decided not to mention gays in its instructions to conference coordinators. State conference coordinators will not have to insure that gays are part of their delegation, although they will be told not to discriminate against potential delegates on the basis of sexual orientation.

BLACK WOMEN TURN DOWN NOW

According to the *San Francisco Examiner*, the Women's Caucus of the Black American Political Association of California (BAPAC) has unanimously approved a strongly worded resolution rejecting membership overtures from the National Organization for Women. Black politicians and activists say they will work within their own organization with black men to combat sexism and racism.

The black women said that they were "appalled that the recent conference of NOW, billing itself as the largest feminist organization in the world, failed to direct its attention to the elimination of racism and failed to take even the token step of electing the one minority (black) woman running for national NOW office."

The caucus urged black women not to respond to NOW's membership drive in their

communities and called on NOW members to return their membership cards and not rejoin until NOW confronts the racism within its own organization.

GAU ANNOUNCES SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

The Scholarship Fund of the Gay Academic Union has announced six recipients of its 1980 scholarships at a special reception held during the National Conference of GAU. The recipients, each of whom will receive \$1,000 include Barbara Smith, a doctoral candidate in English Literature for support of her dissertation, "Four Afro American Women Writers: A Black Feminist Appraisal," and Karla Jay, doctoral candidate in Comparative Literature for support of her dissertation, "The Circle of the Ninth Muse: Natalie Clifford Barney, Renee Vivien, and Their Contemporaries."

DISCRIMINATION HOTLINE

The National Gay Task Force has endorsed an ambitious study of acts of abuse and discrimination against Colorado gay men and lesbians by police and private citizens.

'Datacall' coordinators will interview any person who believes that she or he has been the victim of discrimination or unequal treatment by either public or private agencies or individuals in employment, housing, public accommodations or abuse on the street due to their sexuality. Names of participants will not be released and will be kept strictly confidential.

The main purpose of the study is to see if frequent allegations of gay and lesbian discrimination can be proven. People who wish to participate may phone either the Gay

Community Center at (303) 831-6268 or the Woman to Woman Feminist Bookscenter at (303) 320-5972.

GAY MARRIAGES STILL INVALID

On Dec. 17 U.S. District Court Judge Irving Hill ruled that same sex marriages are invalid. Hill noted that the word "spouse" meant "A relationship between a man and a woman." The ruling came in the case of Richard Adams and Anthony Sullivan who were legally married in Boulder, Colorado in April 1975. At that time same sex marriages were legally recognized in that state. Adams and Sullivan, who are trying to prevent Sullivan's deportation by reason of marriage to a U.S. citizen, have been fighting this battle since 1973. They plan to continue, and will appeal Hill's ruling. ■

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Municipal Elections Committee of Los Angeles (MECLA) is a non-profit political action committee which raises and contributes funds to office holders and candidates who support gay and lesbian rights issues.

Letters

TRYSTED BLISS

Dear Editors,

I really appreciated the copy of the trysting ceremony you sent me. Jane and I decided that, with a few minor changes in text, the tryst was what we wanted and proceeded to plan our trysting to coincide with a visit from my east coast mother, who, incidentally, is also gay. Our 65 year old healer/therapist friend agreed not only to be our priestess but also to have the tryst on her magical, wooded property. Twenty-five or so guests gathered round us while our priestess conducted the ceremony, blessing us with real mountain spring water. Jane's 8 year old son and my 5 year old son assisted, handing us our white rose wreaths, peaches and goblets of wine. After the ceremony we rejoined the outer circle, held hands and sang together.

It was a magical, strong, uniting time for us and for our friends, though, the event did bring feelings up and out for many friends; one wouldn't come, others questioned our motives and didn't want to sanction us "losing" our individuality, etc.

Anyway, topping it all off back home, Jane and I each placed a hand on a big knife and cut into a 3 layered lemon custard pound cake garnished with whipped cream, strawberries and flowers.

Thank you! Jessie Mead Nelson, B.C.



NOW AND RECONCILIATIONS

Dear Tide Editors,

As a woman who has emerged as a lesbian feminist because of NOW, I want to thank Kerry Lobel and Jeanne Cordova for their excellent article on the October NOW Convention, "Out of the Revolution — Into the Mainstream." It's a help in explaining what's happening in NOW to people who did not attend the conference, as well as a personal support for me to see many of my perceptions put into writing so beautifully.

I have a differing impression of one significant event that weekend. In Sunday's "reconciliation" it was Arlie Scott who crossed the stage, hand-extended, to Eleanor Smeal — the electrifying, unforgettable gesture of a stateswoman.

Concerning our private reconciliations, many

NOW members committed to a feminist ethic that cuts across race, class and sexual preference, have spent weeks of mental and sometimes physical distress deciding whether to continue to be part of the organization. I respect the decisions of such feminists as Del Martin, of the lesbian community, and Aileen Hernandez, of the black community, who have publicly withdrawn. And I respect the many strong feminists I know who are remaining in NOW, working "within the system" for a feminist future. We are everywhere — and we are needed everywhere. Let us respect, support and celebrate each other.

Jane Poole, California

BIG LEAGUERS DON'T QUIT

Dear Editor,

I would like to write some comments in response to Lobel and Cordova's article on the NOW Conference (Nov./Dec. 1979 issue).

The way the article was written one would think that being a white straight, middle-class woman was a dirty phrase.

Feminism in this country is growing because of the dedication, sacrifice and tremendous output of money, effort and work on the part of our white, straight, middle-class sisters.

Lobel and Cordova are expressing in this article the typical big city tunnel vision lesbian view when they start throwing around labels.

The minute anyone starts using labels they are no longer referring to feminism but are instead indulging in their own pet theories and prejudices.

Perhaps Lobel and Cordova have forgotten the definition of feminism: "FEMINISM IS THE DOCTRINE WHICH DECLARES THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES AND ADVOCATES EQUAL SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC RIGHTS FOR WOMEN." I do not see the words straight, middle-class, black, white, lesbian, rich or poor in this definition.

It is one thing to be able to shout out labels, ideologies and slogans, it is another thing to know how to manipulate a complex, evasive and unpredictable political system to your advantage so you might obtain lasting benefits for future generations of women through an Equal Rights Amendment or a Lesbian Civil Rights bill.

Speeches are fleeting and easily forgotten, but a Constitutional Amendment or a Lesbian Civil Rights law is lasting and can only be obtained through the combined effort of thousands of women and men throughout the country who understand that for something lasting any sacrifice is worth it.

An important fact you failed to mention is that straight, middle-class National NOW President Eleanor Smeal and straight, middle-class Action NOW Vice-President Jane Wells-Schooley have been outspoken and dedicated supporters of Lesbian Rights over the years.

The delegates at the NOW Conference were well aware of the enormous contribution that Arlie Scott has made to NOW over the past decade and no doubt found the necessity of making a choice extremely difficult.

Arlie Scott's example at the conference should not be lost on any woman who would like to see a non-sexist, non-homophobic society become a reality.

Women still have trouble with losing and too often pack up their talents and go home. Arlie lost an inning not the ball game and women like Arlie don't quit until they win the big ones like the ERA and Lesbian Civil Rights.

Until more women can learn to play in the big leagues and not quit, women will continue to be

oppressed by a sexist, homophobic, patriarchal society.

As the NOW organization has grown so have the women involved in it. A metamorphosis occurs in every woman's life that has been touched by NOW.

NOW, by its very nature, encourages women to grow within themselves; to reach out beyond themselves and do things they never dreamed they could do and in the process gain self-confidence, courage and above all a sense of their own worth, their own power, strength and potential.

The result of NOW women touching my life has been an experience of growth and enrichment that will go on the rest of my life.

Connie Frankowiak, California

"THE WOMEN PLAY AMONGST THEMSELVES"

Dear Sisters,

Have finished my new book on Goddesses and heroines from cultures all over the world. Even as I finished I still continue to read and research — sometimes finding last little bits of information to include. In doing this, I recently came across one passage that raises really vital questions about the secrecy attached to the "women's mysteries," especially those associated with Demeter and Persephone. . . It certainly set me thinking about the "Mysteries" in a way I never had before. . . I wanted to share this with sisters who might be interested in doing further research on it — and with those who might just feel good reading it and thinking about it.

The Romans have a Goddess whom they call Bona, the same whom the Greeks call Gynacea. . . The Grecians affirm that she is that mother of Bacchus whose name is not to be uttered, and for this reason, the women who celebrate her festival cover the tents with vine branches, and in accordance with the fable, a consecrated serpent is placed by the Goddess. It is not lawful for a man to be by, nor so much as in the house, while the rites are celebrated, but the women by themselves perform the sacred offices, which are said to be much the same as those used in the solemnities of Orpheus. When the festival comes, the husband. . . and with him every male creature, leaves the house. The wife then taking it under her care sets it in order and the principal ceremonies are performed during the night, *the women playing together amongst themselves* as they keep watch, and music of various kinds going on.

—from Plutarch's lives of the Noble Romans/Caesar, page 8 of the chapter on Julius Caesar, unabridged translation by John Dryden.

This passage is mentioned in connection with a young (unbearded) male who tried to enter the house by pretending that he was a woman. He was discovered to be a male when a woman approached him "and invited him to play with her as the women did among themselves."

The use of the word "play" is so strange in this context (John Dryden's translation). I cannot read Latin but if any good sister is interested in checking out the original text, she may be able to reclaim a very important part of our heritage and give it back to us. Anyone who reads Latin and has access to the book should be able to find it quite easily by scanning for the names Bona, Gynacea and Clodius. It is such a well known Latin classic.

Oh — here is another gem! From a Tamil collection of poetry written in the original Dravidian language of India. Will type it up for Tide as soon as I get a chance. It was written by a woman poet

named Avviayar at about the first century A.D. Written to her woman lover beautifully and openly, confirming my feelings about the woman-focused society around the Malabar coast of India. There are quite a few women poets in the collection and the poems are wonderfully woman-oriented. With much love, *Merlin Stone*, (author, *When God Was a Woman*, New York).

P.S. If anyone does check this out further, I would love to hear from them.

THRILLED WITH RITA MAE

Dear Sisters,

Especially enjoyed the cover and feature interview with Rita Mae Brown last issue. The cover photo is really powerful. I have never met, nor ever seen Rita Mae, but the photo just projects her strength, joy, and assurance. Congratulations to Beth Thielen for capturing this on film.

Shalom, Rosemarie, Maryland.

THRILLED WITH RITA MAE

Darlings,

You have such exquisite taste!

Kisses, Rita Mae

TAMPONS CAN BE DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH

Dear Women,

We are in the process of encouraging the FDA to implement and enforce strict contents labelling rules for tampons. Tampons, a Class II medical device in the FDA code, are not currently labelled for fiber and chemical contents.

Letters to the FDA expressing concern that tampons should have contents labelling on the package and indicating support for Woman Health International's effort will demonstrate national consumer interest in this issue. Woman Health International encourages you to send a copy of your FDA letter to your Congressional Representative.

Sincerely, Louise W. Peat O'Neil.

Editors note: Letters can be sent to Dr. Lillian Yin, Director, Division of OB/GYN Medical Devices; Federal Drug Administration; 8757 Georgia Avenue; Silver Spring, MD 20910.

Editorial

Due to low advertising in this issue and people paying their bills to us more slowly, we have had some financial problems and had to cut pages this issue. We hope to be back up to our regular number of pages next issue, and urge our bookstores and advertisers to help by remitting on their invoices... now!

Thanks to all the women who came from as far away as Long Beach, Whittier and Venice to our Xmas Tree Lot in West Hollywood to buy their trees. The funds raised will help defray costs during this difficult recession year and are very needed. Thanks for your concern!

MOVED MOVED MOVED

Yes, we have moved. *The Lesbian Tide* is no longer on Cadillac Ave. Our new address is TIDE PUBLICATIONS, 1314 S. Tremaine Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90019. New phone number is (213) 939-1200. Please don't panic if you have sent correspondence to the old address, as all is being forwarded. But please change your/our records accordingly at this time. Many thanks to the Building Women's Collective of Santa Monica who helped build and design our new office.

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Reviews

No Middle Ground



JEB

Joan E. Biren (JEB) pauses on the road to Lesbian Nation.

By Sharon McDonald

Eye to Eye: Portraits of Lesbians, by JEB. Glad Hag Books. 1979. \$8.95.

It starts on the cover, where a photograph of two women, startling in its intense tenderness, hurtles you into the center of a private moment of love.

In the photographs which follow, that same intensity is echoed in image after image: lover with lover, friend with friend, mother with child, women alone. A woman is poised over a pool cue; another races across a street in her wheelchair. One cooks, one lifts weights, some kiss, some hammer, some hug. Some scenes are merely optimistic, others nearly fly off the page.

JEB (Joan E. Biren) has been photographing lesbians since the early seventies, and she rapidly developed a reputation within the lesbian movement for consistently top of the line portraiture. There is an immediacy to her photos, as if she had stepped aside and taken the middle ground with her. You are

not looking at a picture of a woman, you are looking into her eyes. JEB has made this book more than just a showplace for her very fine work; she has reduced the distance between subject and viewer by allowing the women to speak for themselves on these pages. Quotes from many of those photographed, and biographical notes on each picture enrich the collection without distracting from the wordless beauty of many of the images. And JEB has not let closet doors or false modesty exclude herself from the gallery of lesbian faces we meet in *Eye to Eye*. *Eye to Eye* also includes an intriguing essay on the history of American lesbian photography by Judith Schwarz.

I was surprised to find that none of my old favorite JEB photos from the last several years appear in *Eye to Eye*, but this collection is in no way a disappointment. Rather, it serves to illustrate that both JEB and our people are continually growing. We can look forward to volume two. ■

Women of Wander

By Cheri Lesh

The Wanderground By Sally Miller Gearhart. Persephone Press. 1978. \$5.00.

Women can ride the wind, conceive parthenogenic girl-children, heal with their blood, and communicate psychically with every living creature. Fantasy? Perhaps. Prophecy? Perhaps. Great literature? Without a doubt.

Sally Gearhart's book **The Wanderground** is the beginning of a genre, a genre unique to our gender. Most books are read with the eye; **The Wanderground** employs every sense — especially the sixth sense.

Emily Dickinson said that she recognized a poem by the sensation that the top of her head had been taken off. By this definition **The Wanderground** must be megapoetry, since there are passages which make one feel that one's entire body has exploded. This is the most horizontal, intuitive, purely female prose I have ever read, as completely female as the cunt imagery of Judy Chicago's "Dinner Party." **The Wanderground** is to feminine literary consciousness what parthenogenesis is to reproduction.

It is hard to describe the intensity of emotion each chapter of this book can conjure in the reader. I held my breath through the long underwater passages of 'Alaka's



The Past Upon Us

By Claire Krulikowski

At the Sweet Hour of Hand In Hand, by Renee Vivien. Naiad Press. \$5.50.

There is an era of lesbian herstory unsurpassed in its attraction. This is the turn-of-the-century Parisian haven of salons and teas where women gathered together in bonds oftentimes more than literary and artistic. It was a romantic time of loves won and lost and was lived out in spirited glory. So ripe has this picture seemed that many dykes have traipsed to Paris in recent years in quest of this soft, fullbodied splendor. The initial disappointment they face in modern day Paris is of their own making, because the past is in fact, oh so long ago.

For those of us, though, who still thrill to the song of love in well-cadenced verse, *At The Sweet Hour Of Hand In Hand* stirs that memory of far away.

Renee Vivien has best been known as the lover of Natalie Barney (another literary figure of the day). The poetry Renee felt to be her life blood, and for which she sought eternal praise has, until recently, lain in need of a loving hand's translation.

At The Sweet Hour marks the third collection of Vivian's works published by Naiad Press. Sandia Belgrade here translates what is regarded as Vivian's most important work, wherein she came to a poetic maturity.

The verses praise the beauty of the women Renee loves, speaks of devotion and pain between them. The judgement she faced as a lesbian is bitterly recorded. Addressing god in "Like This Would I Speak", Renee plainly scorns any judgement, holding fast to her love for women, preferring the chorused chants of Lesbos to his angelic choir.

As a lesbian poet she's been chained in "The Pillory". Subject to the physical and verbal assaults of men and women in the public square she

"...felt the violent anger steal over me."

Silently I learned to hate them."

Renee's love and her audience is women. It is undisguised and whole-hearted. And it is finally the praise of women she holds most dear. Her fear of obscurity wracks her. In "My Victories" she drones:

"I know it — today it doesn't hurt so much —"

I will not pass under the triumphant arch.

And I will not hear the rapturous voices of women

Who sob, 'Here is the gift of our souls...'

I will pass, without flowers, without laurels, without hope,

No one will wait for me, in the purple deep of the night."

To be remembered and loved in turn thrills her, as in "You For Whom I Wrote":

Pale and breathing your flesh scented and lovely,

Will you say, in the magical evo-

cation of night:

'This woman had the fire which eluded me in flight . . .

Why isn't she alive! She could have loved me.'

To steal a phrase, her poetry is music, wherein rhyme and rhythm pace the mood of each piece. From dismal depressive drones to high-step strutting, Renee Vivien carries the tune of lesbian love with grace and pride. ■

Move Over Loretta Lynn



Courtesy Lima Bean Records

By K.M.C. Minns

WILLIE TYSON, By Willie Tyson. Lima Bean Records. \$6.95.

And now, for all you country and country-minded, finger-pickin', foot stompin' wimmin... Willie Tyson! Though she doesn't let you guess it from the jacket, this is a country album with all the wailing ballads and crying strings you can desire. If country is your genre then Willie is your woman.

The album is a balance between strictly for fun pieces (as in *You'd Look Swell In Nothing*) and tear-jerkers (*The Best Woman Money Can Buy*). Concentrating anger into the power of her vocals, Tyson's made *I Can't Believe They Let You Loose* her strongest ballad. Revenge is ripe in the mind of this song's woman.

You may not be prepared for the occasional switch to a rock beat, and the disco *Rhapsody Of Love* may send country fans running to the hills. There's no denying though that *Willie Tyson* is a well-produced album accented with excellent backups.

So, get out your cowboy boots and Southern Comfort, pick up the cat and turn on Tyson. You're guaranteed a "good ole time". ■

Journey.' Experienced my own lunacy with 'Diana and the Moon.' Wept and mourned violently with 'Voki at the Welling Place.' The powerful evocation of rape in 'A Morning Together' released a thunderfall of anger in me.

This book has no central characters. Or, rather, all of the characters are central. Usually I don't like a book lacking in consistant narrative, indulging in many equally-important characters. It often seems like casual sex, and I suspect the author of a simple unwillingness to make a commitment. But this book's many-peopled narrative is like non-monogamy in its purest form — a free-flowing love and depth of commitment for every woman — and animal — and tree — who adds her voice to the song of **The Wanderground**.

Of course, **The Wanderground** does have some flaws. The scenes in the terrible city of men simply do not ring true. Gearhart is trying for high contrast between the all-female womb-topia of the country and the all-male (un)-consciousness of the city. But it doesn't work — it is as fakey as a false front building viewed from the side.

When in the city, everyone speaks like a soap opera. In **The Wanderground**, women speak like women. A deliberate stylistic effect is being sought, but it is too black and white to be effective. I also found unbelievable that the women supposedly have the power to destroy the city, but refrain. To spare the cancer which rapes and kills women, and poisons the Mother Earth Herself, seems far more stupid than moral.

But, what is amazing is that the majority of **The Wanderground** is so credible. Sally Gearhart portrays psychic accomplishments which are both breath-taking and believable — and advanced vulvology in place of technology. As a Witch, I long to try some of the techniques she describes for wind-riding (advanced levitation, Pagan Airways sans broom), toting (transporting objects with mind-power instead of muscle) and Moon-listening. When I reach my own **Wanderground**, then my soul will run as free as the Hill Women. Until then, I have **The Wanderground** to inspire and guide me in my search. ■

Storm Warnings

By Achy Obejas

Quiet Thunder, By the Izquierda Ensemble. Riverbear Music. \$6.95.

It's a good idea: a band whose creative catalyst is a Chicana; that employs elements of classical, jazz and blues musics; that delivers its message with originality and emotion.

The band is the Izquierda Ensemble, with lofty and noble goals that unfortunately are not fulfilled in its debut album, **Quiet Thunder**. The album is so badly produced the songs come across as crowded, clouded and simply confusing.

For a group that emphasizes its vocal skills, the voices have rather irreconcilable disparities. And the alleged classical influence is exemplified only when a voice quivers here or there.

Although the melodies are pleasant, the album content lacks energy and imagination. It depends on a certain gentleness that on vinyl is disturbingly pale. It is not a matter of simplicity, it's just that this essentially folksy disc lacks depth.

The sentiments expressed between the grooves are sisterly enough; in fact, perhaps too much so. The album is sooooooooooooo nice in its content that it often borders on the pretentious. Perhaps there is too conscious an attempt at being sensitive. Carrying only a

literal sense, the lyrics to the songs lack images or original phrasing.

The songs blend in and out of each other without much notice; there is little variety. The low point is *Gracias a la Vida*, a beautiful song that is robbed of its spirit by the essentially white voices that sing it. It appears almost conspiratorial that the production hits new lows on this cut and an English translation wafts in and out without much regard for consistency or lyrical structure.

But perhaps this track is important in another way, because it serves to best exemplify the essence of the problem with the album. It could be that it extends beyond the plastic to simply be a problem with the band itself.

Izquierda, it appears from its promo material and stage performances, views itself as having a certain kinship with Third World, or simply, dark womyn. The link is Naomi Littlebear, a Chicana songwriter and performer.

Perhaps the implication is that Littlebear's presence, along with the inclusion of a diluted South American folk tune, gives *Quiet Thunder* a certain racial consciousness. But unfortunately these elements are not enough.

If a listener were to pick up this album without prior knowledge of the band, there would be no way to tell that a dark woman is involved.

The music and its delivery are decidedly white. The sentiments, lacking any anger or spirit, are soft-core and belie any of the pain that might come from the life experience of dark womyn — an experience that Littlebear symbolizes for Izquierda.

Possibly that's a heavy rap to lay on Littlebear and the group, but when a band professes to have certain political and cultural convictions, it assumes a responsibility to the constituency it represents. Izquierda, with its tamed vocal arrangements and painless rhymes, ignores the realities. It's too sugar and spice and everything nice.

Unlike many other performers who take stands on issues that do not effect them or which they have never personally felt, Littlebear would be perfectly justified in making statements through her music. But in *Quiet Thunder*, she doesn't. What's disturbing is that the promo material implies that she does.

And it is important that she make those statements. The members of Izquierda might argue that the band practices a certain kind of democracy, that no one member is more important than another. But attending one performance by Izquierda it is plain to see that if nothing else, Littlebear fronts the band.

It would be interesting to see if, without Littlebear, Izquierda would exist at all, and if so, how different it might be. It would be equally interesting to see what Littlebear would produce were she working with dark womyn that were at least as talented as the white womyn who currently accompany her. ■

Jeanette Foster, Barbara Grier, Monique Wittig & Sande Zeig, Pat Parker, Audrey Lorde, Judy Grahn, Renee Vivien, Adrienne Rich, May Sarton, Marie-Claire Blais, Willa Cather, Jane Bowles, Djuna Barnes, Sally Gearhart, Elizabeth Bowen, Fran Lebowitz, Jane Rule, gingerlox, Marguerite Young, Elizabeth Lynn, Janet Flanner, Mary Renault, Valerie Taylor, Gertrude Stein, Natalie Barney, Karla Jay, George Sand, Ann Shockley, Kate Stimson, are just some of the women whose work can be found at

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JUST OUT

Lesbian Health Matters, by the Santa Cruz Women's Health Collective. \$3.95. Health resource book with a lesbian connection. *Womyn/Friends*, by Jean Sirius. Sirius Books. \$2.00. A well-produced booklet of poems.

The Older Lesbian, by Mina Robinson. \$5.00. Thesis.

Closet Sale, by Maxine Feldman. Galaxia Women Enterprises. \$6.95. Album of lesbian-feminist music and humor.

At The Sweet Hour Of Hand In Hand, by Renee Vivien. Niaid Press. \$5.50. Lesbian Poetry.

Sense You, by Gingerlox. Gena Rosa Press. \$3.50. Lesbian Poetry.

Retreat: As It Was, by Donna J. Young. Niaid Press. \$5.00. Fantasy/Fiction.

Vol. I. Ancient Mirrors of Womanhood: Our Goddess and Heroine Heritage, by Merlin Stone. New Sibylline Books, Inc. \$6.95. Ancient legends, rituals, shrine sites, etc. of the Goddess.

Drawing Down The Moon, by Margo Adler. Viking Press. \$16.95. Report on the neopagan movement.

The Spiral Dance: A Rebirth Of The Ancient Religion Of The Great Goddess, by Starhawk. Harper & Row. \$6.95. Philosophy and practice of witchcraft.

Graphic Details, by Bev Balliett and Patti Patton. Starr Publications. \$4.00. "Lesbian erotica and humor."

Tattoo, by Sirani Avedis. Terrapin Records. \$6.95. Album. ■

EGYPTIAN VENUS

Continued from page 8

shake my head in sympathy and start picking up the tarot cards. She had suggested reading the cards on her water bed, "since we were both water signs". She is wearing only a sheer bra and panties, and when she gestures indignantly her breasts jiggle distractingly and the bed undulates like a belly dancer.

She shakes her head in disgust, lights up a joint and offers it to me. "Might as well finish this joint." She exhales a blue ring of smoke in my direction. "Charlotte", she says, "I been thinkin'. I never have had much luck with men. After I get rid of St. James I'm going to put down on men for awhile. Put down until I get it figured out how come I always end up like this, trapped and hung up on some man who treats me like I'm nothing. I get addicted! That's what it is, addicted. St. James is just a habit, just like weed is a habit with me. If its lyin' around I pick it up. No reason. Just pick it up." She passes the stub of a joint back to me and continues. "But that's all over. I'm gonna give him until the first of the month to find himself a new place. That's three weeks. He can find a place in three weeks. Shit, he can move in with one of his two ladies if he needs a soft lap to come home to. Two ladies." There follows a long silence. Our eyes meet like the Tigris meeting the Euphrates and flow a long way together. It is so silent, I imagine I can hear the sighing of the tides in her waterbed. Her face gets soft and blurry and she smiles. "Two ladies" she purrs, and in one smooth motion, water

flowing into a pool, she unhooks her bra and draws me down into a heaven of magnolia blossoms.

* * *

"I can't believe it!" I cry. The Venus has shattered in the kiln. The arms! I had such trouble with the arms. Now they are in fragments, almost powder. The body and head remain intact, but they are cracked and fissured up and down the sides. Red baked clay gapes through the wounded glaze. My own heart almost cracks like a porcelain to see it. Was the kiln too hot for her? My thoughts flash to Billie, why has she been avoiding me for so many days? I gather my broken Goddess tenderly and take her home.

* * *

"It would never work. I'm sorry Charlotte, but St. James is right. Things could just never work out between two women. There's no future in it." Billie is carefully grooming the dead leaves from her plants. Keeping too busy to look at me.

"I suppose there's a lot of future in being a doormat." My body is shaking as hard in anger as it once shook in desire.

"I'm no doormat!" she turns toward me defiantly and then drops her eyes. "St. James has been really sweet to me lately. He's not seeing anybody else anymore. He says we were just never deeply committed to each other before. Now he's committed and I got to be committed too, to make this thing work out right."

"Meaning you don't want to see me any more."

She turned away. "St. James thinks you're a bad influence on me."

"A week ago you were prepared to throw him out. Now it's all 'St. James thinks', 'St. James says', what did he do, brainwash you or something?"

She purses her lips together, and an involuntary pulse of desire throbs through me. She shrugs helplessly. "We made up," she whispers.

"Oh Charlotte," she sighs, sitting down heavily. "I'm not like you. I want to be settled. I want a family. I want children and a nice home."

"You don't have to take a lot of shit to have those things." I feel like I'm falling from a great height. The Tower card. I keep trying to think of something to say that might break my fall. But it's too late. What have I got to stack against her dreams of security, her happily ever after in the land of condominiums?

I turn to go. Three steps down the stairs she calls my name. At the door she hands me a baby spider plant in a green-glazed pot.

"My spider had babies. I've been calling this one Charlotte," she says matter-of-factly. "I think you should have it."

I take the plant from her hands and look deep into her eyes. Her ancient Egyptian eyes. "Billie," I whisper huskily, "I hope you rot in boredom."

* * *

By midnight, my altar is ready. The spider plant perches on one corner. On another, a single magnolia blossom floats like Aphrodite on my white scallop shell. In

the center sits my armless Venus, her raw clay stumps exposed.

I light a cake of sandalwood, sprinkled with needles of rosemary and pine. The smoke winds like a serpent among the candles' dance of light. My mouth is bitter with tears, but my soul quiets. I think of another Venus without arms. Love without power. My Venus sits, passive as the hills, placid as time. Candlelight shines from her fern patterns of green. Shadows cling like ivy to the cracks in her sides. Grief throws her tendrils about me, patterns over my heart like a creeping vine. I stare at the broken Venus until my eyes veil over with incense and tears, and only her three colors waver at the edge of sight; black for death, green for growth and red for the blood of birth. ■

think straight be Gay

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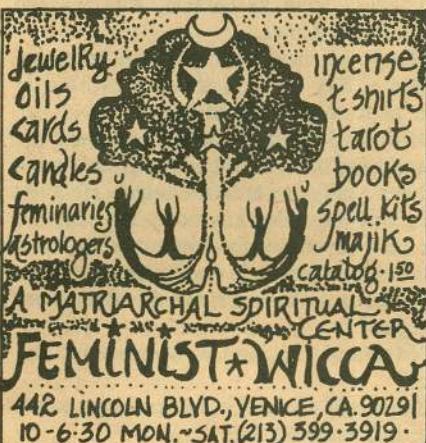
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L.A. Calendar

PALMS, STUDIO ONE PICKETED

Two Los Angeles bars accused of racism were picketed over the holidays, and are now being boycotted by lesbian and gay activists. Studio One, a major West Hollywood men's disco bar, and The Palms, a Hollywood lesbian bar, are targeted.

Pickets lined up outside of Studio One Nov. 24 to protest that club's policies of turning away women with open toed-shoes, and asking gays of color and women for multiple I.D.'s. One woman with shoes open on the sides was refused entrance as the picketing was going on.

Owned by Scott Forbes, Studio One has been the scene of numerous pickets and boycotts in recent years over these two door policies. The latest round of protest was ignited by community ire over the planning of the Gay Academic Union/Whitman Brooks Awards Banquet at that location on Nov. 24. GAU and WB organizers quickly moved the banquet away from the controversial location.

In an interview Forbes denied the charge of racism, but admitted he does refuse admission to customers wearing high heeled or open toed shoes. "That includes men wearing sandals" he noted. "All you need to get into Studio One, whether you're pink, green, yellow, or orange, is the proper shoes and a California driver's license," he repeated several times.

Forbes explained that the shoe policy was instituted in 1975 following four lawsuits, and this policy is now an "insurance requirement". Forbes elaborated, "We've had three lawsuits from women with cut feet who had open facing on their shoes. They all happened to be aspiring actresses who are now unemployed for the rest of their lives because they cut their toe."

As for people of color, Forbes denied that blacks or chicanos were more heavily carded for I.D. "What I can't believe is these picketeers who see all these women and blacks coming in! Last Saturday night we must have had 150 blacks and probably 150 women also." Forbes named his five partners (Ernie Carruthers, Dino Lopez, Michael Solomon, Vivian Walker, and John Adams) and noted one is black and one is Puerto Rican.

Pressed as to how he thought his club might have acquired a reputation for racism Forbes admitted it might have begun in 1975. "At (that) time we might have been getting an influx of a bad crowd. Studio One was in its highlight. We had a lot of people coming in, you know — minors, drug pushers. We had to close the club down and remodel. That's the trouble with the disco business, when you've got so many people you sometimes become a target for . . . people who would be detrimental to the success of Studio One." During this time Forbes admitted more stringent identifications were required from some would-be customers.



Susan McGrieve

HARVEY MILK AWARD

The Abe Lincoln Republican Club, a Los Angeles gay organization, has announced it will award its 2nd Annual Harvey Milk Humanitarian Award to lesbian attorney Susan McGrieve and gay judge Steve Lachs. McGrieve works full time for the Los Angeles ACLU on gay rights litigation.

The honor is given to those whose political activities "form a bridge of understanding between Gay men, Lesbians, and our non-gay sisters and brothers."

The awards, to one woman and one man, will be presented at a Jan. 21 ceremony at the West Hollywood restaurant Cabaret. The nominated women included: Betty Berzon, Ivy Bottini, Joy Commander, Sally Fisk, Kellie Green, Wally Albertson, Susan McGrieve, Myra Riddell, Jean O'Leary, Adele Starr, and Gayle Wilson of Los Angeles. And Dianne Feinstein and Anne Kronenberg of San Francisco, and Midge Costanza of New York/D.C./California.

WOMANSPACE HAS MOVED

As reported last issue, Womanspace, the only Women's Center in Los Angeles, had been asked to vacate its building by Dec. 31. Effective Jan. 1, Womanspace has moved one door down from its old location and is now located at 235 Hill St. The Center can be reached at 399-9813.

ALCOHOLICS WELCOMED

The Alcoholism Center for Women provides non-residential and residential services for women having problems with alcohol. A wide range of daytime and evening groups are available, in addition to individual counseling.

ACW is located at 1147 S. Alvarado St. in L.A. and is open 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. Monday thru Friday. Call ACW at 381-7805.

Asked if his white customers wanted a white club only, Scott said there were no such complaints "anymore." "The only thing they sometimes complain about is that there are sometimes too many straight people." Studio One is located in West Hollywood and is popularly known as the best disco in Los Angeles. It is consequently frequented by straights and entertainment industry celebrities. Lily Tomlin was among those women with open toed shoes who had been refused admittance.

Asked what he will do about the picket, Forbes said he has not been contacted by any of the picketeers. "I went out to talk to them Saturday night but there was just a barrage of screaming. They are not saying 'make Studio One change their policies', they were saying 'Close Studio One!' That's just anti-establishment, not asking for change."

Asked why he thinks he is being picketed if he is not being discriminatory Forbes replied, "It's just one or two people that have a particular resentment against me and they are trying to make a name for themselves." Forbes was referring to but did not name, picket leaders Rick Saslaw and Ron Grayson.

Ironically, Forbes himself is a Board member of The Gay Community Services Center, some of whose staff picketed his club. Asked how they felt about Forbes being on their Board, several GCSC staffers said they were "outraged." They refused to be quoted for fear of jeopardizing their jobs, but one staffer questioned, "How can we do credible outreach to the lesbian and minority community when Forbes is on the Board? The Board has no credibility in the eyes of the staff as long as he remains." The staff member said the Board does not want to remove Forbes and has been unresponsive to their requests to do so.

Forbes did donate \$10,000 to \$12,000 of the proceeds of "Gay Disneyland" and "Gay Magic Mountain Night" to GCSC in 1978-79 but one staffer feels the bar owner has only used these two events to sponsor other similar ones in which none of the proceeds go to the implied beneficiary — the gay movement.

Meanwhile other radical and conservative activists disagree sharply over the efficacy of picketing a gay establishment. One conservative said Forbes would not be at all affected by a boycott, but might be responsive if asked to leave the Board of GCSC.

A half mile down the road Lesbians of Color, supported by some 50 women, staged a picket in front of The Palms. This bar has also been intermittently accused of refusing entrance or service to women of color over the last five years. LOC reports on Nov. 18 several of its members were asked for multiple I.D.'s and refused service when they later requested non-alcoholic beverages.

LOC urges all women not to patronize The Palms until these issues are resolved. ■

EVENTS

FEMINIST METAPHYSICS, lecture, study group forming. Every Thursday 7-9 p.m. Taught by Z Budapest. Demonstrations of prophecy, OUIJI board, tarot and spell-casting. \$5 per session. 208 Mt. Washington Dr., Los Angeles, CA 90065. For information call 224-8004.

WOMEN IN PSYCHOLOGY: A National Conference on Feminist Psychology will be held March 6-9 in Los Angeles. For information write: Hannah Lerman, 1980 Assoc. for Women in Psych., 1543 South Oakhurst Dr., L.A., CA 90035.

SELF DEFENSE for women: Session I, Jan. 19 10 to 3 Friday at Gay Community Services Center, 1213 N. Highland. \$15. Session II Jan. 26 to March 1. 10 to 12 noon. \$35. Call Kathleen Burg, instructor. Or Tyaga at GCSC 464-7400 ext. 231.

SELF-DEFENSE workshop offered at the Pasadena YWCA (78 N. Marengo Ave.), Sat., Jan. 26, 11-4 p.m. Free. Call 793-5171.

THE GODDESS PROJECT: ritual, music, dance, drama celebrating women's spirituality from ancient times to present. January 17, 18, 19. 8 p.m. Cal Arts, 24700 McBean Parkway, Valencia, CA (exit off Rt. 5) (805) 255-1050. Women only. Free.

GREAT AMERICAN LESBIAN ART SHOW: project invites all women who are interested in helping to put this event together to come to a Jan. 16 meeting at the Gay Community Services Center, 1312 N. Highland Ave. in Hollywood. 7 p.m.

YOUNG LESBIANS between 15 & 22 interested in meeting and talking with others have formed a support group at the Gay Community Services Center in Hollywood. For more information call Karen or Brigitte at GCSC (213) 464-7400.

INCEST SURVIVORS, women who have survived the crime of incest and need support now meet regularly at GCSC. Groups open to all women. For more info call 464-7400.

GAY SCIENTISTS have formed a group and now meet monthly. Los Angeles Gay Scientists is open to gay students and professionals in the physical, biological, mathematical sciences or engineering fields. Call (213) 661-9021 for more information.

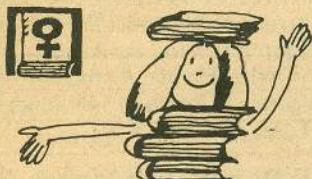
BATTERED WOMEN, a conference, "Visions-Intervention & Prevention" will be held Feb. 23-24 at USC's Davidson Conference Center. Sponsored by So. Cal. Coalition on Battered Women.

ABSTRACT ART IN THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT

HARMONY HAMMOND: N.Y. lesbian feminist sculptor and member of Heresies will speak Jan. 23 and Jan. 30 at the Women's Building. The first session's topic is "The Development of a Feminist Abstract Imagery", second week's topic is, "A Sense of Touch — Female Sensuality in Art." Begins at 8 p.m. \$2 donation. No one turned away for lack of funds. Women's Building, 1727 N. Spring St. 221-6161.

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"IN THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE CHILDREN" by Iris Films; "MAXINE" by Sarah Snider; "SUPERNUMERARIES" by Sandy Smith; "A COMEDY IN SIX UNNATURAL ACTS" & "I'M NOT ONE OF 'EM" & "HOME MOVIE" by Jan Oxenberg; "WE'RE ALIVE" by Joint Productions; "WISHFUL FILMING" by Santa Cruz Women's Media Collective; "MENSES" by Barbara Hammer; "AND THEN THERE WERE" by Linda Klosky; "OUR LITTLE MUNCHKIN HERE" by Lois Tupper.

IRIS FILMS, Box 5353, Berkeley,
CA 94705. (415) 549-3192.

Classified Ads

RATES: \$5 per inch, \$10 minimum for Business, Events & Professional Services. \$5 minimum for Personal ads. 1 inch = 7 lines, 44 spaces per line.

Personal: individual solicitations, pen pals, requests, etc.

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Events: workshops, speakers, seminars, conferences, festivals, etc., which charge registration or admission.

Professional Services: private practice or business.

PERSONAL

JOB WANTED: Gay woman seeks work. I will do light housework and/or childcare in the Los Angeles or Hollywood area. Can work in other areas if you give me a ride. Part-time. I am sincere, honest and reliable. Call Thora 680-3339.

WOMEN WRITERS: Forming a group to meet weekly to discuss our film scripts, teleplays, short stories, etc. Get feedback and support. Call Cathy at (213) 838-3508.

WANT TO SING with a lesbian music group. Looking for established group needing a singer or other lesbians with a desire to form a group. I play guitar, sing, compose, and have performed with other groups. Send to JoAnne Stokes, 1314 S. Hobart Dr., Florence, South Carolina or call (803) 662-3006.

WOMEN FIDDLERS, Robin Flower is auditioning women fiddlers, mandolin, and bass players who can sing. You must be *versatile, creative, hard working and willing to live in the San Francisco Bay Area*. This is a good opportunity for a woman who plays well and loves traditional music. Call (415) 530-4307 or send cassette to: 3834 Fruitvale Ave., Oakland, CA 94602.

L.A. LESBIAN-FEMINIST coming out on S/M wanting to share experiences and information with other women in this area. Call Ar at 483-0276. I would like to hear of or be in an L.A. support group.

BUSINESS

FOR SALE: Moonrise Cafe/Cultural Center in Santa Rosa for sale and/or for partners. Unique location/space/good potential. \$11,000 or best offer. Call (707) 526-4207 or write 250 Sebastopol Rd., Santa Rosa, CA 95401. Women only.

LAYOUT/PASTE UP ARTISTS: wanted to work with *The Lesbian Tide* on Production Day one Sunday every two months. We offer good company, hot lunch and \$10 for the day. We need your skills! Call 939-1200.

THE NEW ORLEANS Wimmin's Graphics Collective (formerly PAS Studio) presents Wimmin's Shirt Tales. Amelia Earhart, Rosa Parks, Amazon Quarterly, Dykes on Bikes, & Women Against Violence Against Women are only a few of the quality hand silk-screened t-shirts we offer. Send 15¢ in coins or stamps to receive our complete catalogue. Wholesale & custom printing rates available. NOWGC Dept. LT, 1725 Carondelet St., New Orleans, LA 70130.

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JOB: *The Lesbian Tide* is looking for another editor. Must have some writing and editing experience. Time required: weekly Thursday evening meetings. Stipend \$60 per issue. Send cover letter, clips, and resume to Tide Publications, 1314 S. Tremaine Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90019. Or call for an appointment (213) 939-1200.

Publications

Write On, Woman! writer's guide can help all women who write to conveniently find the women's alternate press periodicals best suited for their work and can help women looking for places to advertise their products and services. Gives editorial policies, readership, circulation, size, etc. for over 80 periodicals. \$4.05 postpaid payable to Lynne D. Shapiro, 345 W. 87th St., NY, NY 10024.

THE LOS ANGELES AREA WOMEN'S YELLOW PAGES is a directory of woman owned/run/made businesses, services and products. We are in the process of preparing the 3rd Annual issue. The directory retails for \$1. Retailers, individuals and groups wishing to sell the directory can obtain copies at 60¢ each. Box 149, Pasadena 91102. (213) 449-3271 before 10 p.m. Deadline for initial ad copy is Jan. 13. Women interested in being listed should contact us for ad information. Listings cover the Greater L.A. area and Orange County.

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LESBIAN CONNECTION: a nationwide forum of news & ideas by, for & about lesbians. Free to lesbians or \$8 yr. don. Ambitious Amazons, Box 811, East Lansing, MI 48823.

DYKE WITCHES HARK! Z Budapest's new book, *The Holy Book of Women's Mysteries (Part I)*, is out! This book is a must for women interested in Lesbian Spirituality. \$6+75¢ postage to: Susan B. Anthony Coven #1, P.O. Box 42121, L.A., CA 90042.

A WOMAN'S TOUCH: an anthology of lesbian eroticism and sensuality. 15 diverse stories. Graphics & photos. Created by lesbians for women only. Edited by Nelly and Cedar. Womanshare Books. \$4.75. Now at women's bookstores or order from Amazon Reality, PO Box 95, Eugene, OR 97405.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

Valerie Kirkgaard, B.A., M.T. (therapy): lesbian indiv. & couple counseling using integrated therapy techniques including I-ching, regression, gestalt & bodywork. (213) 258-5543.

Marjorie Rushforth (attorney): specializing in feminist and lesbian issues, civil and criminal. Penthouse Law Suite 505, City Parkway West, Orange, CA 92668. (714) 937-0610 wk. or (714) 540-2186 hm.

Teresa De Crescenzo, M.S.W. (therapy): counseling for lesbians, children & adolescents. Sliding scale fee. 6399 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1007, Los Angeles, CA 90048. (213) 653-3496.

Betty Berzon, Ph.D. (therapy): lesbian couples, individuals & groups. 6399 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1007, Los Angeles, CA 90048. (213) 653-2912. By appointment.

Barbara Price (attorney): family law, child custody/visitation, alternative living agreements, small business law for women, entertainment law including copyright, publishing, contracts, and performance agreements. 1714 Stockton St., San Francisco, CA 94133. (415) 433-6790.

Linda Barone, MFCC (therapy): individual relationships & groups, feminist therapy for lesbians. 12581 Venice Blvd., #206, L.A., CA 90066. (213) 391-6321.

Marsha A. Epstein, M.D.: adult general practice, family planning, lesbian health care. Board certified. Preventive medicine. Se habla espanol. 6221 Wilshire Blvd., #220, L.A., CA 90048. (213) 936-8283.

Judith Goodman, MA, MFCC (psychotherapist): provides indiv. & couples with a safe place to grow & explore using verbal and/or Reichian therapy. (213) 836-5313.

Dorothy Morris Compton (attorney): divorce, child custody, sex discrimination, personal injury, business. Union Tower Bldg., Suite 840, 21515 Hawthorne Blvd., Torrance, CA 90503 (213) 316-0160.

Abbitt & Bennett (attorneys at law) Diane Abbitt: business formation, partnerships, corporations, contracts, real prop., bankruptcy. Bobbi Bennett: family law, child custody, alternative lifestyle agreements, wills, probate, immigration, personal injury. 9200 Sunset Blvd., L.A. 90069 (213) 273-2380.

Jan Stone (attorney): estate planning, probate & business. 6210 Wilshire Blvd. #303, Los Angeles, CA 90048. (213) 934-0512.

Tracy Moore (tax counselor): income tax preparation & counselling on all tax matters for individuals, small businesses, partnerships. Appointments in your home. Days, evenings, weekends. For more information or appointment call (213) 435-7195. Serving L.A. and Orange Counties.

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RAPE HOTLINERS NEEDED

Volunteer advocates are needed for the Pasadena YWCA Rape Hotline. 8 weekly sessions are required. They begin Feb. 12. Interested women should call for appointment by Feb. 4. Call Grace Hardgraove at the YWCA 793-5171 for more information.

HORIZONS TO CLOSE

Sandi Tate, owner of Feminist Horizons, announced that due to financial problems she must close her store Feb. 1. She will continue her mail order business out of her home. She is also returning to her typesetting business and is available for referrals.



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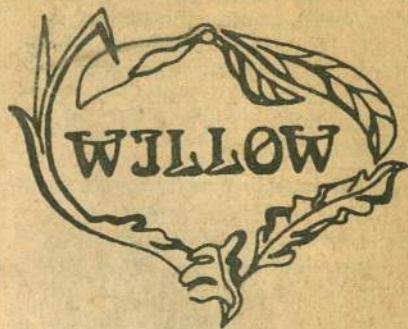
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